THE

AERONAUT.

No. 108. Sep. 20. 1817.

Carmina non prius
Audita. — HOR.

Unheard before, the minstrel strains arise. —

OUR readers will we have no doubt excuse the insertion of a few poetical communications in the present number. They appear in general to have been the productions of light and careless hours, when the mind took refuge from severer pursuits in the more fascinating employments of the lyre.

The authoress of the first production will pardon the liberty we have taken in the very few trifling alterations

she will perceive in the pieces she has transmitted to us. Although the metaphor in the beginning of the poetry is rather far-fetch'd, yet we think that the turn of the sentiments & expression is neither deficient in beauty nor delicacy.

"Gentlemen,

"I am a young lady, and all the beaux call me pretty; one compliments in one way, and another in another; one calls me a flower and another a nicknack; a third talks sentiments, and the fourth writes poetry. From the latter I have received the following original verses; – pray tell me how I should appreciate them. They were made on the occasion of his presenting me with a rose.

"Yours,

"Mary Mindall;

"When beauteous Procris, hapless fair,
Pierc'd by her husband's fatal dart,
Rent with wild screams the pitying air
Till life forsook her trembling heart,
And hover'd round with anxious
dread,

—Great Jove, beheld from fields on high
The suffering spirit's deep despair,
And fix'd it blooming in the sky
A star pre-eminently fair,
O'er earth its silver[1] beams to shed.

2

"So, lovely girl, this blooming flower,
Torn from its parent's fostering side,
Was doom'd to perish in an hour,
To languish, fade, & lose its pride,
Its lustre & its beauty past;—[2]
I saw, and pity fill'd my breast;
I saw the fading mourner's doom,
And mercy bade me give it rest,
And place it where its charms might bloom,
In fields where ceaseless summers last.

3

"I saw a paradise in view,
I saw where flowers celestial bloom'd,
I saw where balmy damasks grew
On downy fields with lilies plum'd,
[3]Where all the glowing graces played;
I raised the flower that drop'd its head[4]
With hand profane I plac'd it there,
And may its leaves reviving shed
Their fragrance on the balmy air,
Its tints of beauty never fade!"

T.I.S.

(1) In the original 'argent'.
(2) Or: "To lay its beauties in the dust"
(3) Or: "a field where all the graces played."
(4) See next page.

"Gentlemen,

"Should you deem the inclosed pieces worthy of publication, they are at your service whenever you choose to insert them. A. N.

"When far away."

1

Oh it is sad, when far away
To think upon our native land,
And deem the sun's departing ray
Shall beam upon that happy strand;
To rove in visions of the night
O'er hill & stream & grassy dale,
And see, new drest in beauty bright,
Each well known plain & dewy vale,
When far away.

2

Oh it is sweet for those who roam,
To their lov'd country to return,
And view once more the blessed home
For which their torturd bosoms
burn;

(4) From last page. These 5 following lines originally stood thus:

I raised the dying mourner up,
With hand profane I placed it there—
Where while its sweeter sisters prop
Its leaves shall breathe the balmy air,
And its bright tints shall never fade.

The poem to which this note refers, was re-

To see again the joyous spot
Where rose in bliss their youthful years,
All pain and anguish now forgot,
They felt before, & all their tears
When far away."

"The hour of sorrow.

Away with pleasure's sickly train,
Away with joy's extatic beam,
Let them not mock my sight again,
Nor spoil the darkness of my dream.
There have been hours of fancied bliss,
But these forevermore are gone;
Give me the hour when tumults cease
And lonely sorrow broods alone!

2

The feverish joys that once I lov'd
I would not now again resume,
Their vanity my heart has prov'd,
And now it courts seclusion's gloom;
The heart that beat to rapture high
Is hush'd to low & murmuring tone,
The bursting brain, & eager eye
Delight in sorrow's hour alone!"

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ceived through the medium of the Post-office. The hand appears to be that of a female. Ed. Aer.

"STANZAS.

I saw her last in joyous guise
And health's extatic bloom,
And beams were sparkling from her eyes
Those features to illume;
I came — a few short days had fled —
The flower of loveliness was dead
And mouldering in the tomb;
Without a warning of her fate
Her home is left all desolate.

I wander'd to her sepulchre
And knelt upon the clay;
Upon the sod that slumber'd there
Shot bright the beams of day;
But from the solitude beneath,
The drear abode of silent death
There came no living ray;
The worm was feeding on that form
That one I saw with beauty warm.

So briefly seen — so sudden gone —
I'd think 'twere all a dream —
Did not this wither'd bosom lone
Feel memory's scorching beam;
I often wish that such had been,
And that the form that rests within
Still sail'd life's fickle stream;
And yet 'twere best that she should go
Release'd from earth & all below.

Farewel! the memory of those hours
When health & life were bright,
But on this tortur'd bosom pours
The waves of dreadful night;
Beneath the grave's dark shelter too
This heart must sleep to sorrow true,
Since thou 'rt remov'd from sight;
The changeful scenes of earth deny
To charm my heart, or win my eye."

"MIDNIGHT.

The wind of night is sighing
With sad and hollow wail,
And clouds above are flying
Before the urging gale;
With murmuring commotion
The waves beat on the shore,
As sweeping from the ocean
Their cataracts they pour.

But welcome hour of sadness
And sounds that murmur sigh,
I would not hear of gladness
Or dream of extacy;
The darkness that enthralls me
Can claim no calmer scene,
The grief whose anguish calls me
Turns from fair skies serene."

A. N.

(E)

From these we turn to a piece of an entirely different order of poetry to either of the preceding.

INFIDELITY.

They told me that chance was the mother of all,
Of the forms that we feel, & the soul that we chein
From the elements springing with the subjugate bar
That with matter it changes but never can peri
They told me that man had been dup'd since his birth
And the rites that we hallow, the God we adore
Were the children of fable, the mischaft of earth,
That the Chaldee begot in his mystical love.

I bow'd at the altar of night, & I trembled;
I walk'd among men, & they seem'd to be blest, —
But while an apostate my grief I dissembled,
My bosom an adder undying carest.
Shall I trample the volume my fathers revered,
That sooth'd them when friends & when kindred were gone?
Shall I turn from the temple my fathers have rear'd,
and tread the fair earth, like a phantom, alone!
From the links that unite men, self-sever'd to move,
From the hearth of the home, to the pinnacle of state,
To gaze on the wide spreading circle of love,
The outlaw of time, the anointed of fate! —

To burn in a desart, by palaces mock'd —
To sleep on a couch that no prayer ever blest —
In selfishness withered — in hopelessness rock'd —
Forgetting the milk that I drew from the breast;
To pass from myself, & the world, & to be
What I feel not, I know not, — from consciousness torn,
While the hope of my kindred shall weave not for me,
In their day-dreams of heaven, one garland forlorn!

Oh no! In this wide world of pain & of sorrow
Enough for the day are the cloud & the gloom —
Enough are the hopes & the fears of tomorrow,
Then make not more dreary, the night of the tomb!
When the science that lur'd, & the pomp that paraded,
Are cold as the scheme ye would bid me prefer —
When earth like the tints of the morning has faded,
If we have been wrong, it was wisdom to err!

Z.

The following lines are by the same hand as the preceding.

INGRATITUDE.

When night her solemn sway maintains
Entrizon'd in empyrean plains,
And hides beneath her awful sway
The things that dare not meet the day,
Things that the blundering senses daunt,
Unholy rites and murder gaunt,
And sapsins foul and blighted crow,
And ruined maid, and cheated spouse—
While overhead all paly bright
The wizard's queen looks from her height,
Trembling at many a fearful spell,
Remembering still, that once she fell—
The lonely wanderer of the hour
Woos, crouching low, oblivion's power;
And while the fearful damp he feels
That on his limbs all helpless steals,
He flies to Him, who still is nigh,
The Omnipresent Deity.

When rosy morn with cheerful beam
Awakes him from some dismal dream,

Ingratitude

When every grove its matins pays,
And every dew drop sheds its rays,
The wanderer wakes to light and life
Forgets the midnight's dreary strife,
Forgets the power who seal'd his eyes
And bade another morning rise.

So, trembling, still we worship here,
Devotion is the child of fear.
Go, read the records of thy race,
The annals of their priesthood trace—
From the rapt seer of elder days,
Who scanned the spheres with ardent gaze,
Until the Dove of Peace was sent,
In mercy, from the firmament—
And that same Lesson then shalt hear,
Devotion is the child of fear.

O! Time is but a lengthened dream
That cheats with momentary gleams!
Earth is a night mare of the soul—
And when its shadows fast shall roll,

And that clear morn shall burst at last,
When all of change away hath past;
Say, bard shall man be blest above,
The child of Fear, where all is Love!

E & S.